The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Diorama.—The Ruins of Holyrood Chapel.

AMONG the many exhibitions in the metropolis, there is not one which has excited more surprise, or has been more attractive than the *Diorama*. The novelty of the plan, and the singular illusion of the views took the town by surprise, and to one portion of the public, at least, it became a matter of dispute, whether they really were actually nothing more than paintings.

It was very difficult to convince many persons that, in the view of Trinity Chapel, Canterbury, the steps, the sleeping hod-men, and the beer cans were not really what they appeared to be.

In the view of *Sarnen*, who could doubt that, instead of being in a building limited by walls, there was a view before him distant—as Highgate and Hampstead; while the rill that trickled down to the valley seemed nothing less than real water. In the view of Brest Harbour, it was believed by thousands, that the little boy in the fore-ground, with his shoe down at the heel, was either a very quiet charity boy, or, at least, a suit of clothes stuffed, instead of the mere effect of the pencil; and in the view of the cathedral of Chartres, every body saw, or at least fancied they saw, a real cob-web on the corner of the picture in the front. Such is the effect of pictorial illusion produced in the Diorama.

Another view has just been opened at the Diorama—that of the ruins of Holyrood chapel, Edinburgh, of which we are fortunately enabled to present our readers with a very correct engraving; and subjoin a description and an historical account of this celebrated ruin.

The abbey of Holyrood house is contiguous to the palace of the same name, and situate at the eastern extremity of the old town of Edinburgh. According to tradition, it was founded by David the First, in the year 1128.

The canons of Holyrood were of the order of St. Augustine, and came originally from St. Andrew's. Ample provision was made for their support, and succeeding kings, having extended the privileges of the abbey, it was considered the richest establishment of the kind in Scotland, its revenues, at the period of the reformation, amounting in money to 250*l.* sterling annually, and in kind to 442 bolls of wheat,

640 bolls of beer, 560 bolls of oats, 500 capons, two dozen of hens, two dozen of salmon, twelve loads of salt; and of swine, a number not precisely ascertained. The canons also, at the origin of the institution, were provided by David with a right to the trial by duel, and to the water and fire ordeals. Besides the abovementioned privileges, the canons had the right of hanging out "wood witches and warlocks," and of determining controversies of every kind; and their abbey furnished an asylum to the guilty, whom it was accounted [illegible] to follow, except in the case of [illegible].

In the year 1177, a national council was held at this abbey, in consequence of a [illegible] between the English and Scottish [illegible] as to the submission of the [illegible] of England, a legate [illegible] the Pope to take cognizance [illegible] the years 1332 and 1338, [illegible] the devastations of the [illegible] Archibald Crawfurd, [illegible] of Scotland, was [illegible] Holyrood House. By [illegible] style of architecture, [illegible] the present state of [illegible] was substituted for the Norman [illegible] by David the First. When [illegible] entered Scotland in [illegible] the monastery was almost [illegible] by his soldiers, the [illegible] of the church having [illegible] "secured not [illegible]." It was then that Sir Richard Lea carried off the brazen font, in which the children of the royal family had been usually baptized, and after engraving an insolent inscription on it, presented it to the church of St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire. The inscription was in Latin, and may be thus translated:—"When Leith, a town of good account in Scotland, and Edinburgh, the principal city of that nation, were on fire, Sir Richard Lea, Knt. saved me out of the flames, and brought me into England; in gratitude to him for his kindness, I, who hitherto served only at the baptism of the children of kings, do now most willingly offer the same service to the meanest of the English nation. Lea, the conqueror, hath so commanded. Adieu. A.D. 1543, in the 36th year of king Henry VIII."

This font, in the time of Charles I., was sold for its weight of metal, and ignobly destroyed. After the battle of Pinkey, the monks made their escape, and the church and palace were stripped of the lead which covered them, by the English, who also took down the bells. At the reformation, the monastery was dissolved, and the church completely despoiled: from a mistaken principle of religious zeal and devotion, the earl of Glencairn laid waste the beautiful chapel, broke into pieces its valuable furniture, and laid the greater part of the statues and other ornaments in ruins. It was again fitted up by James the Seventh, in a very elegant manner, being paved with marble, and having many beautiful shields and armorial devices executed upon it; the king also erected a magnificent throne, and twelve stalls for the knights' companions of the order of St. Andrew, with a large and fine toned organ. Chosen workmen were sent from London, with directions to fill the twelve spaces in the best manner, to be placed in so many different compartments, or niches, along the interior of the building on the one side, and as many of the prelates on the other, in niches on the other. This design was most violently opposed by the bigoted populace, who alleged that the king intended to establish the popish rites and ceremonies, and that these statues were intended as objects of adoration, and consequently the whole of the workmanship was destroyed, and the artists compelled to desist from their undertaking. At the Revolution, Charles the Second completely repaired the church, and ordained that it should in future be set apart as a chapel royal, and be no longer used as the parochial church of Canongate. It was therefore prepared for this purpose in a very splendid manner, a throne was placed in it for the sovereign, and twelve stalls for the knights of the order of the Thistle: but, at the revolution, the populace were again roused by apprehensions of popery, and giving vent to their fury, set fire to the church, and reduced the interior to a state of ruin; they at the same time broke open the sepulchres of their sovereigns, opened the coffins, and left the bodies naked and exposed.

Arnot observes, that "these walls, which could withstand the fury of a mob, have since been brought to the ground through the extreme avarice or stupidity of an architect. As the roof of the church was becoming ruinous, the duke of Hamilton, heritable keeper of the palace, represented its condition to the barons of the exchequer about the year 1758, and craved that it might be repaired. To this effect an architect and mason were consulted. The walls of the church were already upwards of 600 years old, and were but in a crazy condition, yet did these men propose, instead of putting a slate roof on it, to cover it with flag stones. This new roof soon injured the fabric. A report was made to the barons by another architect in 1766, that the church would speedily become ruinous if the new roof

was not taken off, as the walls had never been intended for so vast a load. Nothing was done in consequence of this report, and the church fell on the 2nd of December, 1768; when we lately visited it, we saw in the middle of the chapel, the broken shafts of the columns which had been borne down by the weight of the roof. Upon looking into the vaults, the doors of which were found open, we found that what had escaped the fury of the mob at the Revolution, became a prey to the rapacity of the mob who ransacked the church after it fell. In 1776 we had seen the body of James the Fifth, and some others, in their leaden coffins. The coffins were now stolen. The head of queen Magdalene, which was then entire, and even beautiful, and the skull of Darnley were also stolen. His thigh bones, however, still remain, and are proofs of the vastness of his stature."

The chapel of Holyrood House in its pristine state, was a magnificent structure of the English or pointed style of architecture. Its west front has been compared with Melrose Abbey, Ely, and York, Cathedrals. The highly enriched windows which lighted the rood loft are universally admired. The columns, mouldings, and sculptures of the west door, are executed in the boldest style of *alto-relievo*, and exhibited various grotesque devices, the whole elegantly designed and executed. Immediately above the door is a small square stone, having this inscription :—

HE SHALL BUILD ANE HOUSE
FOR MY NAME, AND I WILL
STABLISH HIS THRONE
FOR EVER.

BASILICAM HANCS EMI
RUTAM CAROLUS REX,
OPTIMUS INSTRAURAVIT.
ANNO DOM.
CIↃ.IↃCXXXIII.

The north side of the building is ornamented with buttresses, enriched with canopied niches and pinnacles; this was the work of abbot Crauford, in the time of James the Third. The south side of the church is likewise adorned with buttresses, but differing from those of the north. At the east end is the great window, the tracery of which was thrown down by a storm in 1795, but has since been replaced. The belfry is a small tower on the north-west corner of the abbey church, and contains a finely-executed statue of Lord Belhaven.

The view of Holyrood Chapel, just opened to the public at the *Diorama*, appears to us to surpass in beauty and gloomy grandeur any of the preceding paintings in this matchless exhibition. There is an apparent reality about this view, which makes us almost suspect that we are under some magical illusion which has brought before us distant objects. A Scotsman needs no artificial incitement to love of country on the view of Holyrood Chapel: associated as it is with the history of Scotia's *glories*, it would be sufficient to remind him of them. A stranger, who has never been in Edinburgh needs no great stretch of fancy on viewing this picture to believe himself in its very centre, with this splendid ruin before him.

The view of Holyrood Chapel, which is painted by M. Daguerre, is a moonlight scene. To the right is a colonnade of pillars, still remaining, which support the equilateral arches, and form the front of the first gallery and the basis of the upper one, whose pointed arches, united in pairs, fill up the space between the channelled pillars that form the colonnade we are describing. Through the arches are to be seen, the corner of the southern aisle, the windows which overlook the cloister, and an arcade of small pillars and pointed arches.

At the eastern extremity of this gallery, under the windows of the gable end, beyond which the moon rises and lightens a part of the picture, is the entry of the royal vaults of Roxburgh.

The window which lighted the chapel is of a curious form: we believe it to be of a modern structure, and built in the reign of James VI. It was repaired in 1816 with the materials found about the chapel. Time and a violent storm had considerably damaged it in 1795; and it was in order to give a more picturesque effect to the picture that the artist has here represented it in its unrepaired state.

In the middle of the picture are the remains of two pillars, which were the third and fourth, reckoning from the eastern wall. The part of the picture to the left of these broken pillars is in tolerable preservation, and the style of its architecture is elegant.

Several tombstones and monuments are in the part which is lighted by the moon: the most apparent are, the white stone nearest to the spectators, and which is in the middle of the picture, covers the burial place of Lord and Lady Rae.

It is actually impossible to convey by words any adequate idea of the fascination and perfect illusion of this magical picture. The scene itself is picturesque in the highest conceivable idea of architec-

tural representation; far more so, indeed, from its dilapidated state (in which wild nature's vegetative power is beginning to re-assert her triumphs over the frail magnificence of art), than can possibly consist with any entireness, however accompanied, of the most complicated and magnificent edifice. But the poetry of the pencil hath touched with its inspirations the realities of the scene. Not only are the most favourable points of time, and the most favourable state of the atmosphere (moonlight, with a partial and incidental haze), selected for heightening the solemn grandeur of the objects, and giving them the most effective relief, a human and living interest is superadded to that which is awakened by the mouldering tombs that should chronicle the dead, by the introduction (episodically) of a beautiful figure in maiden mourning (white, with a zone of black) who

"Held in holy passion still,
Forgets herself to marble!"

over a monumental pedestal, upon which burns a glimmering lamp, whose earthly and unsteady light (finely contrasted with the pale serenity of the lamps of heaven) quivers and undulates with alternately increasing and diminishing lustre (as if affected by the motions of the atmosphere) and gleams or glimmers on the projecting superficies of the votive altar upon which it rests; and renders conspicuous in picturesque relief the pensive form that watches it. Nor is this all. The stars actually scintillate in their spheres, occasionally obscured and occasionally emerging from the misty clouds; while the moon gently glides with scarcely perceptible motion, now through the hazy, now through the clearer air; and the light reflected upon the walls and shafts, and shattered architrave, becomes dim or brilliant in proportion to the clearness or the obscurity of her course; so that, if this be painting, however exquisite, it still is something more; for the elements have their motions, though the objects they illuminate are fixed, and the ether hath its transparency, the stars their chrystalline, and the lamp its vital flame, though the ruin and its terrene accompaniments have their opaque solidity.

The whole picture is, perhaps, the greatest triumph ever achieved in the pictorial art.

EPIGRAM.

WHENCE comes it that in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place;
Is it that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

STANZAS

*Addressed to the Cambria Brig, on her arrival at Falmouth, on the 4th March, 1832.**

(For the Mirror.)

Thou noble bark, of brightest fame,
That bear'st proud Cambria's honour'd name,
Right welcome home once more!
Welcome thou gallant little sail,
In England's name I bid thee hail!
And welcome to her shore.

A conqueror's flag thou dost not bear—
A conqueror's steed thou wilt not share,
Yet honour waits thee here!
No foeman's blood has stained thy deck,
Thou hast not caused a foeman's wreck,
But England holds thee dear.

A higher fate, for thee decreed,
Propell'd thee in the hour of need
To dread Biscaya's bay:
Then did thy brave commander urge
Thy bosom through the foaming surge,
To where the wretched lay.

At sight of thee, how beam'd the eyes,
With gratitude, hope, joy, surprise,
Of those who begg'd thy aid:
How felt they when all deaths were braved,
That wives and children might be saved,
For whose loved sakes they prayed!

Brave Cook! thy well-earned glory needs
A higher strain to sing thy deeds,
And more exalted lays:
Nor thou alone, but all thy crew;—
"The sturdy Cornish miners," too,
Are far above all praise.

And there one is whom all commend,
My own—humanity's tried friend—
The cool, the kind, the brave:
'Twas good in Heaven to ordain
That he, 'mid all his toil and pain,
Should succour, soothe, and save!

O when once more, with sails unfurl'd,
Thou bear'st towards the western world,
May gales propitious blow!
Success reward the enterprise,
The science, skill, and energies
Of those who with thee go!

SALVATOR.

* On the 1st of March, the Kent Indiaman, outward bound, caught fire while off the Bay of Biscay: she had on board a considerable number of troops. Fortunately, the Cambria, Capt. Cook, destined for Mexico, hove in sight, and, with a zeal and humanity above all praise, afforded every succour. By great exertions, nearly seven hundred persons were saved, and crowded on board the Cambria. It was supposed that ninety were lost; but of these fourteen were afterwards found on some floating masts, and were picked up by another vessel.

ON LOQUACITY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I am terribly afraid that I have given offence to many of your fair readers,

by proposing a "*tax upon talking*," which you kindly inserted in No. 129 of the MIRROR. "What," (methinks I hear one of them exclaim in a pet,) "does he really mean to tie up a lady's tongue?"—"Well, indeed, might he first apologise to us for this invasion of our privilege," says a second; "Only mark, (cries a third,) the wish to compel us to a *daily* confession; while, for the *self-styled* lords of the creation, once a *quarter* is considered sufficient!"

Well, ladies! pray forgive me.—In order to make an atonement for my offence, I will (with Mr. Editor's permission,) write my recantation; and play the game—disputant, by taking the opposite side of the question—An *encomium upon loquacity!*

1. It is indisputably admitted, that we differ in nothing from the brute creation so much, as in the gift of speech; hence, it is plain, that we can in no way so fully evince the distinction, as by continually exercising this privilege. Should any caviller dare affirm, "Reason is a more prominent mark than talking," it may be answered, that the former is a faculty to which many of the brutes approximate extremely close, and that it is evident some brutes exhibit more sense, than some men.

2. Excepting its abuse, can there then be a greater negative crime, than an avaricious parsimony of speech? Is not this same silence most justly deserving our highest censure? and since we find that talking is the most convincing proof of our ranking as human creatures, surely our taciturnity will give consent to our want of it;—it will be taken for granted, that those who say nothing, know nothing, think nothing; consequently, can have nothing to say, and ought, therefore, to be classed among the *irrationals*.

3. Among other arguments in favour of loquacity, the following is unanswerable: that, of all the parts of the human frame, the *tongue* alone is indefatigable; with labour, the hands become feeble; with violent walking, the feet will tire; by continually poring at objects, the eyes grow dim; in short, every other sense may be satiated; except that invulnerable weapon, the organ of speech. To what end then has dame Nature bestowed this invincible energy, unless she fully intended it for perpetual motion, and incessant use?

4. The pleasures, and even business and improvements of life, arise chiefly through the medium of conversation; those therefore who negotiate the largest portion of this *verbal* traffic, are (particularly in this commercial empire,) the worthiest candidates for public patronage.

Thus far, is a panegyric upon loquacity in general. Now for a few hints upon this topic, to the ladies in *particular*.

First, It is generally confessed, that they have much less to answer for on the score of silence, than the men; and, indeed, if omission of this necessary exercise of speech be enhanced in magnitude of offence, according to the natural endowments of those gifted with articulation, they would, if less talkative, have a very heavy charge against them; because their tongues are hung upon a more pliant swivel, and are better calculated for nimbleness, clearness, and audibility, than men's.

Next, all persons excel most in those pursuits for which they are best qualified. Since, then, *oratory* is nothing more than the art of speaking, and mainly depends on the exercise of the tongue, (in which the ladies, as has been above shewn, stand pre-eminent,) it follows, therefore, that the ladies, would they attempt the rhetorical arts, must succeed far beyond their would-be masters—is becoming action requisite, whose deportment so graceful? Is beautiful pronunciation admirable; whose voices so harmonious? Is to be audible necessary; whose accents so distinctly intelligible? Accordingly we find, in the Roman historians, that the mother of the Gracchii was not only herself the *best speaker*, but also had instructed the most *successful orators* of her time: again, look to our good Queen Bess: instructing her senators, and animating her soldiers with the pathos of Cicero, and the energy of Demosthenes.

There, ladies, I hope you are satisfied.

I am, sir,

Your's, most respectfully,

March, 1825. JACOBUS.

THE EXCISEMAN OUTWITTED; OR, THE BITER BIT.

AN Exciseman once taking his round,
Called in at a friend's for a *whet*;
After chatting awhile, he soon found
What he thought would prove *fish to his net*.

It appears the good dame had let out
(The biter she thought should be bit)
That her cellar was half-full of *liquor*,
Which *came* there without a *permit*.

The Exciseman, without more ado,
To make his day's journey the shorter,
Groping down to the cellar his way,
Sous'd up to the middle in water!

Having fish'd his way out as he could,
Perhaps it is needless to say—
He did not feel greatly inclined
To carry the liquor away.

CRITO GALEN.

A SUMMER EVENING.

'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm sun-set—when the west
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last
Bright hours atone for dark ones past—
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine as they fall, with light from Heaven!

EMMA'S FUNERAL.

(For the Mirror.)

"Death claims his victim, Love implores in vain—
Not e'en the smile on Beauty's hectic cheek
Availa to turn the tyrant from his purpose."

ANON.

What means that sad, that sorrowing throng,
In snowy vestments clad, that slow
Wind you green church-yard path along?—
What that convulsive throe?

Some maiden's corse, perchance betroth'd
To him that weeps:—It is—it is!
Ah! how in grief each feature clothed,
Tells of life's transient bliss!

Yes, hapless youth! the promised day
With lingering step at last had come:
Yet, meteor-like, but lent its ray
To gild Mr Emma's tomb.

Dost ask if she was fair and young?
Say, is the unsullied lily fair!
And as for youth, scarce yet had sprung
Up life's spring flow'rets there.

It is not beauty—'tis not youth
Can add to life one single hour:
'Tis madness—nay, 'tis worse in truth,
To strive 'gainst Fate's stern power.

Beem'st thou relentless Death will spare
Thy form, tho' Beauty's?—Spares he now?
Ah! no; the canker-worm of care
Feeds on the fairest brow.

I pluck'd you rose but yesterday,
Twin-sister of as fair a flower;
To-day I sought it—there it lay,
All-withered 'neath the bower.

"And thus with Man it is," I said,
And sighed—"thus is he left alone,
Alike to perish, and be laid
Beneath the cold, cold stone."

ALPHEUS.

ON BOTANY.

How the fair flower by zephyr woo'd, unfurls
Its panting leaves, and waves its azure curls,
Or spreads in gay undress its lucid form
To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm,
While in green veins impassioned eddies move,
And beauty kindles into life and love.

Dewhurst Wilshorrow's Address to Dr. Darwin on Publishing his Zoonomia.

O, for the pen of an Isaac Walton to describe in sweet summer jaunting prose, the delights of herbonizing, and its rainbow-painted sister botany, then would I take you gentle reader by the hand, first to the spot where Culpepper of old, the very quintessence of botanical and herbaceous knowledge, once resided, to moralize a few moments over the mutability of all earthly pursuits. His mansion still remains, though but the shadow of its former glory. At the corner of Red-Lion Court, Spitalfields, you may still observe the public house, known by the sign of the Red Lion, that is all the remains of Culpepper's, now almost buried beneath the surrounding buildings, which have gradually, since his time, obscured it from observation, surrounded as it then was by the garden of his own creating, arranged in all the right-angled nicety of the olden days, systematically, no doubt, and agreeable to the virtues of the different herbs and flowers, from the most weak and inefficient, to the highest magical influence of those possessing powers from other systems than our own. How often do I picture to myself the philosopher embosomed in the importance of his avocations, perhaps explaining to the wondering citizens and fair damsels of his time, all the virtues and absorbing qualities of the surrounding family of plants; all has passed away, and the good citizens can no longer issue from behind the ancient barrier to enjoy a pleasant ambulation to the garden of delights, then away from the smoke and in the centre of the delightsome fields of Spital; yet he has left us a sweet smelling savour not easily to be forgotten. I know of no study equal to botany in its healthful invigorating incitements, the endless variety of amusement it offers, and above all, the great utility to be derived from a right understanding of dispensing the medical properties of plants in the numerous list of diseases that "frail flesh is heir to."

H.

Origins and Inventions.

No. III.

NEWSPAPERS.

Although the Romans had their *Acta Diurna*, yet in modern times we are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their *gazettas* being derived from a small coin petulias to the city of Venice, called gazetta, which was the common price of their newspapers. It has, also, been said to be derived from the Latin *gaza*, which would colloquially lengthen into *gazette*, and signify a little treasure of news. The first paper was a Venetian one, and that only monthly; but it was the newspaper

of the government only. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper, with the Venetian name to it; and from one solitary government gazette, we see what an inundation of newspapers has burst upon us in this country. "A jealous government, (says Chalmers, in his *Life* of Ruddiman) did not allow a printed newspaper; and the Venetian Gazette continued long after the invention of printing, to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own days, to be distributed in *manuscript*." In the Magliabechian library, at Florence, are thirty volumes of Venetian Gazettes, all in manuscript. "It may gratify national pride," continues the above writer, "to be told that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, for the first newspaper in England." In the British Museum are several newspapers, which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel, during the year 1588. The earliest newspaper is entitled, "The English Mercurie," which, by authority, was printed at London, by her highness's printer, 1588. These, however, were only extraordinary gazettes, and not regularly published; and, it appears, that even in this obscure origin they were skilfully directed by the policy of that great statesman, Burleigh, who, to inflame the national feeling, gives an extract of a letter from Madrid, which speaks of putting Elizabeth to death, and describes the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet. The first newspaper in the collection at the British Museum, is marked No. 56, and is in Roman, not in black-letter. It contains the usual articles of news, like the London Gazette of the present day. In that curious paper there is intelligence, dated from Whitehall, on the 23d of July, 1588. Under the date of July 26th, there is the following notice:—"Yesterday, the Scots' ambassador being introduced to Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her Majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the King his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her majesty's interests, and to those of the protestant religion." In the reign of Queen Anne, there was but one daily paper, the others were weekly. After which Steele, Addison, and others, attempted to introduce literary subjects, and other topics of more general speculation, which, more or less, have been continued to the present time.

GUNS.

The invention of guns is indisputably the Germans, which was produced by an accident, in this manner:—One Barthoe Schwartz, a friar, in making chemical experiments, mixed some salt-petre and brimstone with other ingredients, and set them upon the fire in a crucible, but a spark getting in, the pot suddenly broke with great violence and noise: which unexpected event, surprised him at first, but he repeated the experiment, and finding the effect constant, set himself at work to improve it: to which purpose he caused an iron pipe to be made with a small hole at the lower end to fire it at, and putting in some of his new ingredients, together with some small stones, set fire to it, and found it answered his expectation, in penetrating all before it. This happened about the year 1330, and was soon improved to the making of great ordnance, &c.

CANADA AND LUCONIA.

Canada is said to have derived its name from the Spaniards, when they landed in that quarter; repeating the words, "*aca nada*," "nothing here," (meaning there was no gold to be found,) of which the Indians caught the sound. Some similar occurrence appears to have occasioned the name of Lucon. When Magellan's party first went on shore, they found one of the native women beating rice, as is usual at the present time, in a mortar hollowed from the trunk of a tree; and, finding herself surrounded by strange men, she held up to them the large wooden pestle, calling out *Looson*, which is the native term for it; and this becoming a by-word among the Spaniards, they named the island Lucon, which has been modernised into Luconia.

HATS.

In the reign of Elizabeth the wearing of hats was considered a kind of luxury, or that assumption of superiority, which rendered those who had so far stepped out of their rank, liable to a fine; for by the statute of 13th Elizabeth, every person above the age of seven years, and under a certain degree, was obliged, on Sunday and holidays, to wear a woollen cap, made in England, and finished by some of the fraternity of cappers, under the penalty of 3s. 4d. for every day's neglect. Repealed 39th Elizabeth. In the churchwarden's accounts of the parish of Fulham, is the following curious item:—"1578. Paid for the discharge of the parish of Fulham, for wearing hats contrary to the statute, 5s. 2d." These, it appears, were a species of hat imported from Geneva.

F. R——Y.

NUMERAL LETTERS.

The first obvious mode of reckoning, Pasquin supposes in his *Recherches de la France*, to have been upon the fingers, each finger standing for 1, and representable by an upright stroke, so that the number 4 was represented by IIII, but there being no more fingers on one hand, wherewith to continue the account, the number 5 was represented as formed by the first finger and thumb, which when the hand is displayed has something of the V-like figure. The representation of 5 having been thus fixed on, its double, or 10 was produced by joining together two V's at their points, which formed a figure like an X. The letter C anciently written ↊ being the initial letter of the Latin word *Centum*, was a very natural and obvious abbreviation of the number 100, and the ancient letter being divided into two horizontally, each half was a kind of L. That letter was therefore adopted to signify 50, and for the like reason the letter M, the initial letter of the Latin word *Mille*, signifying 1,000, is made to stand for that sum: being divided down the middle, it split into two letters, each resembling a D and a D accordingly, is the numeral letter for 500, or half 1,000.

EARLY PRINTING.

When first the art of printing was discovered they only made use of one side of a page: they had not yet found out the expediency of impressing the other. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, at the option of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found, where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted. When the art of printing was first established, it was the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to the eminent printers. Physicians, Lawyers, and Bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press, and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

> To let their fame
> Live registered in our printed books.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

The first book printed in the English tongue was *The Recuyel of the History of Troy*, and is dated Sept. 19, 1471, at Cologne. *The Game of Chess*, dated in 1474 is allowed, to have been the first specimen of the art among us.

T. A—N. C.

PHOSPHORUS.

This singular substance was accidentally discovered in 1677, by an alchymist of Hamburgh, named Brandt, when he was engaged in searching for the philosopher's stone. Kunkel, another chemist, who had seen the new product, joined one of his friends, named Kraft, to purchase the secret of its preparation; but Kraft, deceiving his friend, made the purchase for himself, and refused to communicate it. Kunkel, who at this time knew nothing farther of the preparation than that it was obtained by certain processes from urine, undertook the task and succeeded. It is on this account that this substance long went under the name of Kunkel's phosphorus. Mr. Boyle in also considered as one of the discoverers of phosphorus. He communicated the secret to the Royal Society of London, in 1680; and the process to Godfry Hankwitz, an apothecary, who for many years supplied Europe with phosphorus. In the year 1737, a stranger having sold to the French Government a process for making phosphorus, the Academy of Sciences charged Dufay, Duhamel, and Hellot, to superintend it, and an account of the success of the experiment was published. In 1743, Margraf made a great improvement in the process; but still it continued to be obtained with difficulty, and in a very small quantity. In the year 1774, the Swedish chemists, Gahn and Scheele, made the important discovery, that phosphorus is contained in the bones of animals; and they improved the processes for procuring it.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.

"A Frenchman seeing, as he walk'd,
A friend of his across the street,
Cried 'Hem!' exactly as there stalk'd
An Englishman along the road,
One of those Johnny Bulls we meet
In every sea-port town abroad,
Prepared to take and give offence,
Partly, perhaps, because they speak
About as much of French as Greek,
And partly from the want of sense!

"The Briton thought this exclamation
Meant some reflection on his nation,
So bustling to the Frenchman's side,
'Monsieur Jack Frog,' he fiercely cried,
'Pourquoi vous faire 'Hem!' quand moi
passe?'
Eyeing the querist with his glass.
The Gaul replied, 'Monsieur God-dem,
Pourquoi vous passe quand moi faire
'Hem?'"

Althorp, in Northamptonshire.

ALTHORP, in Northamptonshire, of which the above is a good view, is the seat of Earl Spencer, one of the most munificent patrons of literature in this country. This mansion is situated in the parish of Brington (locally pronounced Brighton), about six miles west of Northampton; and is a large pile of building, occupying three sides of a quadrangle. Mr. Gough states that the property of Althorp "has belonged to the Spencers ever since the reign of Henry VII." In Bridges' History of Northamptonshire, it is recorded that "Queen Anne, consort of James I., with the prince her son, rested at Althorp for some days, on their journey from Scotland to London, in the year 1603. During their stay, a masque composed by Ben Jonson, was exhibited for their entertainment." The present structure was erected by the Earl of Sunderland, about the year 1688, and was originally encompassed upon three sides by a moat now filled up, and levelled with the fine lawns immediately contiguous to the mansion. The extensive park has an inequality of surface, greatly conducive to the picturesque, and is adorned by large masses of forest trees.

It is observed by a recent writer, "that, as an example of domestic architecture, the house of Althorp does not present the least claims to beauty, grandeur, or symmetry. The contents of the mansion are, however, highly interesting and valuable; in its large and fine collection of pictures, and vast library of choice books. In the latter article Earl Spencer is laudably emulous of possessing the most enlarged and select collection in England, and it is generally admitted that he has succeeded. The books at Althorp fill three or four apartments. The pictures here are also numerous, and many of them of the first class."

At this polished and hospitable mansion Mr. Garrick was a frequent guest; and he was invited to pass here the Christmas of 1776. Although languishing under a severe oppression of disease, he ventured to repair to the abode promising so much rational delight; but the energy of his mind struggled in vain against the growing infirmities of his bodily frame. Society had lost its charm. However attractive the mode in which it was offered, he quitted the cup of pleasure untasted; and, from the estrangement of his sick chamber, returned to London—to die! He arrived at his house in the Adelphi, on the 15th of January, 1779; and his dissolution took place on the 20th day of the same month.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FRENCH LAW AGAINST SACRILEGE.

WITHIN the last few days, a law has been enacted in France, worthy only of the darkest ages of papal tyranny—a law which is written in characters of blood. By this fiend-like law, whoever insults or treats indecently the sacramental wafer is

to be punished with death. Even this did not satisfy some of the Draconian legislators of France, for the clause in the *projet de loi*, which enacted that the defender should, previously to execution, be punished with cutting off his hand, was only negatived by a majority of one! The following are some of the provisions of this inhuman law:—

"Article 4.—The profanation of the sacred vessels shall be punished with death, if it has been accompanied by the two following circumstances:—

"1st.—If the sacred vessels contained at the moment of the crime, the consecrated elements.

"2nd.—If the profanation is committed publicly—when it is committed in a public place, and in presence of several persons.

"Art. 5.—The profanation of the sacred vessels shall be punished by perpetual hard labour, when not accompanied by one of the two circumstances stated in the preceding article.

"Art. 6.—The profanation of the consecrated elements committed publicly, shall be punished with death. The execution shall be preceded by the *amende honorable* of the condemned person, before the principal church of the place where the crime shall have been committed, or of the place where the court of assize sits."

The amendment, proposed by the Comte de Bastard, and seconded by the Viscount de Chateaubriand, and which was rejected by a majority of 108 voices against 104, was as follows:—

"The profanation of the sacred vessels is punished by hard labour for a limited time.

"The profanation of the sacred elements is punished by hard labour for life."

By the "consecrated elements," in the Papal church, is meant the real body and blood of Christ; which real body the Catholics say, appears to human sense like a bit of wafer, and which real blood seems like, and drinks like, the fruit of the grape; and from these absurdities springs the sanguinary law.

Woe to the poor wretch, that violates this decree, for his fate then is inevitable, and the law will be as rigidly enforced as it was in former times. How severe that was, the following account of the execution of M. de la Barre will show; it is contained in a letter addressed by M. Tavart, to Mr. Garrick, and dated July 24, 1766:—

"A young man called M. Lefebvre de la Barre was condemned to have his head cut off and his body burnt, for having insulted an image of Christ. On the day of the execution, when the sentence was read according to the usual practice, he calmly listened to it, and then burst into laughter. The confessor was admitted to him, but the young man discoursed with him, until the dinner hour arrived, on nothing but light and humorous subjects. They sat down to table, and after they had abundantly dined, M. de la Barre asked the doctor if he might not be allowed to take coffee. 'I see no objection to it,' replied the priest.—'You are right,' rejoined the unfortunate man, in a gay tone of voice; 'it will neither trouble my digestion nor prevent me from sleeping.' The officers came to lead him to execution, but he still displayed the same tranquillity of soul; on setting his foot upon the scaffold, however, a slight change in his countenance was visible. 'Ah! you are then afraid of death,' exclaimed the priest.—'Not in the least; but I observe with indignation, several of my enemies among the crowd, who have come to feast their eyes with the spectacle of my death: look, do you not see them here, and also there? Good God! to what an extent are the hatred and animosity of men carried.'

"The doctor was desirous of taking advantage of this moment, in order to speak to him of the formidable transition from life to death. 'Ah! M. Curé,' said the young man, 'in an instant or two I shall know as much and more than you upon this matter.—What is that piece of paper dancing at the end of a cord?' asked he.—'It is the effigy of your unfortunate accomplice;' a reply which again excited the laughter of M. de la Barre. He then observed in a more reflecting tone, 'that man ought really to be hanged for his honour; he has fled like a poltroon.'—Gazing on the other side, at one corner of the scaffold, he perceived seven well-dressed gentlemen, and he inquired who they were.—The answer was, that they were the executioners. 'What! seven executioners for me alone! really, that is droll enough!' He beckoned to one of them to approach. 'You are then an executioner, sir?' 'Yes, sir, from Paris; I have that honour.' 'Was it you who beheaded M. de Lali?' 'Yes, sir, I had that honour likewise.' 'Mark, then, friend, it is said you went very clumsily to work; that you missed your aim.' 'True, sir; but it was not my fault, for he would not have the complaisance to fix himself properly.' 'Well! tell me how I must hold myself; I confess I am not acquainted with the mode, as this is the first time I have been prepared to

have my head chopped off; place me yourself.' 'Most willingly, my dear sir.' The executioner placed himself in a certain situation; but the culprit having moved a little, without being aware of it, he heard the executioner say to the priest, in a low tone of voice, 'He holds himself badly.' He immediately turned to the operator and exclaimed, 'Zounds and the devil! place me better then; it is your business; if you miss me, you will again lay the fault on me.' He was placed a second time. 'Am I right?' The executioner replied by a stroke with the sword, which made the head fly off. The body was afterwards thrown upon the pile, and the Philosophical Dictionary, because M. Lefebvre de la Barre had boasted that he had read it."—*Literary Chronicle.*

OLD LONDON.

(Concluded from our last.)

THERE is not, perhaps, a more striking alteration in the aspect of the city, than in the disappearance of the streams which flowed through different parts of it; for it was watered by other streams besides the Thames. In the east was the brook or bourne called Lang Bourne, from its length, it is said; but it was probably christened by some long-headed person, who had no very clear conception of distance; for, although John Stow, our great authority on this occasion, describes it as "a great stream," it seems to have had its source in the fenny ground of Fenchurch-street; it took its course down that street along Lombard-street, and then turning south, broke into small rills down Sherborne or Sharebourne-lane, and thence flowed into the Thames. Lang-bourne Ward derives its name from this stream. Another very considerable stream was that of Wall-brook (so called from its flowing through the city wall), which had several bridges over it, and divided the city north and south. Wall-brook entered the city wall (before there was any ditch) on the North side near Moorfields, and wound its serpentine way through Lothbury and Bucclersbury on the back of Wall-brook, and down Elbow-lane into the Thames. This must have been a considerable body of water, since it is related that barges were rowed up at the back of Wall-brook to Barge-House, now called Barge-Yard, in Bucclersbury: some idea of its force may be formed from an accident, which is recorded to have happened in it; it was on one occasion, after a heavy rain, so rapid that a youth eighteen years of age, in attempting to leap across it, was washed away, and drowned before any assistance could be rendered him. It was afterwards arched over and made level with the street, and being thus put *au secret* we must terminate our history of it.

A little more westerly, but without the walls, flowed the River of Wells, so called from several wells or springs falling into it. Another stream in the west suburbs, called Old-bourne (Holborn), was also tributary to it. The River of Wells appears to have taken its rise at a considerable distance from the city; it ran under Oldbourne bridge down Fleet-market, and under Fleet-bridge into the Thames, and from the following record was, one may suppose, a much larger stream than either of the others. In the year 1305, Henry Earl of Lincoln complained in Parliament "that in times past the course of water running at London, under Oldbourne-bridge and Fleet-bridge, into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth, that ten or twelve ships, navies, at once, with merchandises, were wont to come to the aforesaid bridge of Fleet, and some of them unto Oldbourne-bridge;" but that the same was then decayed by filth, wharfs, mills, &c. In consequence of this representation, the river was cleaned for three miles. The encroachments upon it afterwards became greater and more numerous; it lost the name of river, and became a brook, under the denomination of Turn-mill or Tree-mill brook, from the mills erected upon it; from a brook it dwindled into a ditch, and from a ditch to nothing.

Besides these waters there was, in almost every lane or street, a well for supplying the inhabitants with water. But the supply being considerably diminished by buildings erected upon the banks of and over the streams, and by heightening the ground, it became necessary to seek for supplies elsewhere; in 1236, therefore, Henry III. granted to the citizens the liberty of conveying water in leaden pipes from Tyburn. The first cistern "castellated with stone" was the Great Conduit in West-Cheap (Cheapside), which was commenced in 1285; then followed the Tun in Cornhill, and other duits in different parts of the city. At length (in 1582) Thames water was conveyed into the city from London-bridge by means of a forcer, and a few years afterwards another forcer was constructed on Broken-wharf for the purpose of supplying the west end, that is, about St. Paul's church-yard. There followed, in 1608, the New-river, by which Sir Hugh Middleton distinguished himself.

Nor has the change in the manners and habits of our citizens been less so-

markable; we have nothing so primitive as the practice of the citizens issuing from the gate to recreate themselves beside the fair well of sweet water hight Clerkenwell; or as the "brave 'prentices" exercising themselves in the evening at their masters' doors with their "wasters and bucklers;" or as the maidens dancing for garlands hung across the street, or capering round the great may-pole in Cornhill, which was higher than the church near which it stood. One of the exercises of the citizens which they performed in the streets was "running the quintin," which continued to be practised until the reign of James I. The quintin was a mark in shape resembling the head of a battle-axe fixed upon a pole and turning on a pivot; the narrow end had a sand-bag appended to it; and the game consisted in running a tilt on horseback at the broad end; he that did not hit it, or, hitting it, did not escape with sufficient celerity to prevent a sound bang on the back of the neck from the sand-bag, was well laughed at for his pains; but he that hit and got away without this sportful salutation was entitled to the prize. Sometimes, however, the citizens made distant migrations to such places as the Mile's end for the exercises of leaping, dancing, shooting, and wrestling, and on May-day they probably performed a journey to Stepney-wood. "On May-day morning," says the imaginative Stow, "every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds;" a practice in which they were sanctioned by that arbitrary promoter of hilarity, Henry VIII.; his attachment to May games and Maying is recorded by Hall, who particularly mentions, that in the seventh year of his reign, he with his Queen rode a Maying to Shooter's-hill, where 200 tall yeomen, clothed in green, with a Robin Hood for their leader, shot with bows and arrows before them. But "evil May-day" came, and Maying and May games ceased, the May garlands withered, and the May-poles never rose again. This evil May-day derived its name from a riot on that day in the year 1517, occasioned by the apprentices and others who were jealous of the commercial prosperity of the alien merchants, and endeavoured to drive them from the city. The history of the May-pole of Cornhill is quite eventful: after partly giving name to the church of St. Andrew *Undershaft* (the tower being lower than the shaft), it was in consequence of the riot suspended on hooks in front of a row of neighbouring houses, where it remained for thirty-two years, until its peaceful retirement was invaded by one Sir Stephen, a hot-headed zealot, who denounced it as Paul's cross as an idol, probably conceiving it to be one of Satan's walking-sticks, though by no means so awful a one as that which Milton gives him. Such was the potency of Sir Stephen's eloquence, that on that very day (a Sunday too), the good people in front of whose houses this horrible instrument of the evil one was hung up, attacked and with great labour forced it off the hooks, sawed it in pieces, and notwithstanding it savoured of Satan, each of them took so much as had been on his premises, and thus made a compromise between heaven and hell. The citizens, however, still retained the pageantry of the night-watches, which continued until 1539. The following curious account of them is extracted from Stow:—

"On the vigil of Saint John Baptist, and on Saint Peter and Paul the Apostles, every man's door being shadowed with green Birch, long Fennel, Saint John's wort, orpin, white Lilies and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautifull flowers, and also lamps of glass, with oile burning in them all night; some hung out branches of iron curiously wrought, containing hundreds of Lamps lighted at once, which made a goodly shew, namely, in New Fish-street, Thames-street, &c. Then had ye besides the standing watches, all in bright harness, in every ward and street of this city and suburbs, a marching watch, that passed through the principall streets thereof, to wit, from the little Conduit by Paul's gate, through West Cheap, by the Stocks, through Cornhill, by Leadenhall to Aldgate, then back down Fenchurch-street by Grasse Church, about Grasse Church conduit and up Grass Church-street into Cornhill, and through it into West Cheap again, and so broke up, the whole way ordered for this marching watch extended to 3,200 Taylors' yards of scalse, for the furniture whereof with lights, there were appointed 700 Cressets, 500 of them being found by the Companies, the other 200 by the Chamber of London. Besides the which lights, every Constable in London, in number more than 240, had his cresset; the charge of every Cresset was in light two shillings and four pence, and every Cresset had 9 men, one to bear or hold it, and another to beare a bag with light, and to serve it; so that the poor men pertaining to the Cressets, taking wages, besides that every one had a strawen hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast in the morn-

ing, amounted in number to almost 2,000. The marching watch contained in number 2,000 men, part of them being old soldiers, of skill to be Captaines, Lieutenants, Sergeants, Corporals, &c. Wiffiers, Drummers, and Fifes, Standard and Ensigne-bearers, Sword-players, Trumpeters on horseback, Demi-launcers on great horses, Gunners with hand-guns or half hakes, Archers in cotes of white fustian, signed on the brest and back with the arms of the City, their bows bent in their hands, with sheafs of arrows by their sides, Pike-men in bright Corslets, Burganets, &c. Holbards, the like Billmen in Almaine Rivets, and Apernes of Mayle in great number.

"There were also divers Pageants, Morris dancers, Constables, the one half which was 120 on St. Johns Eve, the other half on St. Peters Eve in bright harness, some over gilt, and every one a jornet of scarlet thereupon and a chain of gold; his Hench-man following him, his minstrels before him and his Cresset light passing by him; the Waits of the City, the Maiors Officers, for his guard before him, all in a livery of Worsted or Say Jackets, party coloured, the Mayor himself well mounted on horseback, the Sword bearer before him in faire armour, well mounted, also the Maior's footmen, and the like Torch-bearers about him; Hench-men twain, upon great stirring horses following him. The Sheriffs watches came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number as the Maiors, for where the Maior had besides his giant three Pageants; each of the Sheriffs had besides their giants but two Pageants; each their Morris dance, and one Hench-man, their officers in Jackets of Worsted, or Say, party coloured, differing from the Maiors and each from other, but having harnessed men a great many, &c."

Modern processions are mere puppet plays to those of ancient days, in which the citizens found frequent occasions of indulging themselves; as for example—On the coronation of the Queen of Henry III. they rode to meet her and the King clothed in long garments, embroidered with gold, and in silks of various colours, their horses gallantly trapped to the number of three hundred, every man bearing a cup of gold or silver in his hand. But in 1593, the citizens assembled at Mile-end "all in bright harness with coats of white silk, of cloth and chains of gold in three great battles to the number of 15,000 which passed through London to Westminster, and so through the sanctuary and round about the park of St. James, and returned home through Holborn."

Other instances of civic, and also of individual magnificence, might be added; but these, as well as many curious things relative to the City, we must at present pretermit, having fulfilled our intention, which was merely to bring together a few remarkable facts for the purpose of conveying some, though a slight, notion of Old London.

London Magazine.

The Novelist.

No. LXX.

THE HUNGARIAN GIRL.

A YEAR and four months after I had parted from Constance, I again arrived at Seid. Ah, how my heart beat, when from the height above the town I saw the line of hills that mark the course of the Danube, and rise above the cottage of Constance. When I had last been there, it was the sweet season of autumn—now it was the depth of winter, and a long continuance of rains had inundated a great part of the country, and rendered the roads almost impassable. Although my impatience, as may easily be imagined, made me leave Seid early next morning, the state of the country was such, that it was nearly three in the afternoon when I reached the heights that look down upon the river. Had the cottage of Constance been visible, I should have seen nothing else; but a turn in the bank screened it from the view, and I paused an instant to look around me. When the mind is in a state of great agitation, it seizes with avidity any pretext that may give it a moment's repose; and I lingered for a few minutes gazing upon the grandeur of the river. It was rolling below me, red and mighty, covering all its lower banks, sweeping the bases of the opposite hills, and bearing on its bosom wrecks of its ravages and power. I remembered how near to it was Constance's cottage, and I put spurs to my horse; in a moment I saw it beneath me, and the next I was at the garden gate.

How my heart palpitated! I dismounted from my horse, opened the gate, and led him through. It struck me that there wanted something of that air of neatness and arrangement which I had remarked formerly, and I trembled lest it was the hand of Constance that was wanting. As I shut the garden gate, and led my horse along the little path that leads to the door, my feelings became insupportable. I felt as if I could fly forward, and yet my limbs almost sunk beneath me; my whole frame trembled, and in

the open air I gasped for breath. I was within a few paces of the door, and my agitation increased; there seemed an air of negligence around; I saw grass growing betwixt the stone steps, and two grey ravens were hopping near me, as if unaccustomed to the sight of man, the destroyer: for a moment I thought they might be tame, and the property of Constance; and as an experiment, I threw a small pebble at them, but they croaked and flew across the river. The noise that I had made in so solitary a place, shutting the gate, and walking with my horse on the pebbles, I thought should have attracted some one to the window; but all seemed silent. I wanted courage to proceed, and leant upon my horse's neck for support. In a few moments my energies returned; I walked resolutely up to the door and knocked. No one answered; I heard no sound within, and my heart died within me; I determined to look in at one of the windows; and I walked round to the window of the room where we had supped, and which looks down upon the river. Never shall I forget that moment of anguish;—the room was unfurnished; two or three remnants of broken chairs remained, and fragments of glass from the paneless windows strewed the floor. I let go the bridle of my horse, and sunk upon the ground. My hopes then were all crushed—the hopes I had lived upon. Constance was gone; probably her mother was dead, and she married. Heaven then had answered my prayer for her happiness; but she was lost to me. "Ah, Constance," I exclaimed, "where hast thou found a heart that can love like mine?—but it has ever been thus." When I had somewhat recovered from the intensity of my pain, I walked round her former dwelling. It was nearly dusk, and dreary was the scene; the river flowed swiftly by, dark and turbulent. I could no more see the spot where I had once stood with Constance, for the water covered one half of the orchard. The rain had ceased, but the sky was heavy and gloomy, and seemingly but resting from its work; the night was gathering in. I led my horse into a small outhouse, and then returned to the cottage; the door yielded to my touch, and I entered it. I had never been but in one of the rooms, but I went through them all; there were only four. Here I thought was Constance's room; a broken picture-frame yet hung upon the wall; and I knew Constance could paint. I opened the window, and stood gazing upon the swollen river, until it was hardly visible, and then returned to the parlour. I determined that I would pass the night in the cottage. I spread my saddle-cloth upon the floor, flung myself upon it, and gave up my thoughts to Constance and misery. And was this the end of my hopes and dreams? I was in the room we had supped in; there stood the table, and there sat Constance. Since I had parted from her, I had nurtured her image in my innermost soul,—not only as a dear recollection, but as a star of hope, that I trusted might cheer the rest of my days. I had travelled in wild and distant lands, but Constance had ever been my companion; I had lain down in solitary places, and communed with Constance; in my waking and my sleeping hours her fair countenance and angelic form had ever been present to me; I had listened to the melody of her voice; I had walked by her side, and felt the pressure of her hand, and the softness of her cheek; but it was all past—and for ever. Sometimes my thoughts were wrested from Constance, by the rushing sound of the river, and the noise of the rain, which now poured a deluge. I was certain the stream was approaching nearer, but I felt indifferent though it should sweep me away. At length my eyes closed in slumber—I sat at supper with Constance and her mother, and I thought we had met, never more to part. The good mother joined our hands, and blessed us; and I was drawing Constance gently towards me, when the scene changed. I was in the midst of the roaring river—I buffeted it with one arm, and held Constance with the other. "Fear not, my love," I said; "we shall reach the bank;" but she answered, "Never." Again the scene changed, and I felt myself running swiftly, almost flying, over wide plains, by moonlight, holding Constance by the hand; and we stopped among the catacombs of Constantinople, and I was alone, and searched every where for Constance, but I could nowhere find her. In every direction streams opposed my progress, and at last I sat down in the midst of a marsh, and tried to sleep, but the cold would not let me. I awoke, and at first thought my dream was true, for I was lying amidst water. It was the dawn, and I immediately perceived that the Danube had risen as high as the cottage. I instantly went to the door, and found it surrounded with water; the rain fell in torrents, and it was just light enough to discover the way to the house where I had left my horse. I vaulted upon him, and galloped from this scene of desolation and wretchedness. For many months after this I continued my wanderings, but never did the remembrance of this night of disappointment and bitterness

leave me. "Where is Constance?" was the question I constantly asked myself. All my desire was to discover her. I looked in the face of every one I met. In cities, I mingled in the throng of the gay, and with the crowds of the wretched; and every where I scrutinised like an inquisitor. Sometimes I thought I saw before me a form like that of Constance, and then I would run swiftly forward, but stop ere I reached it; for I always discovered that it wanted something of the perfection of the form I sought. At times, too, a face would arrest me; but that illusion was still more fleeting. Once, in the street of a Mahomedan city, a veiled female approached: there was something in the form and gait that powerfully reminded me of Constance; and as she passed, I thought I discovered through her veil some resemblance in her features. She addressed a few words to one of her attendants; and though she spoke in an eastern tongue, I fancied the voice was that of Constance. I rushed forward a few paces, but reason came to my aid, before my temerity had endangered my life. It could not be Constance. This woman was a Mahometan, and spoke a different language from Constance; but the incident had so disordered me, that I was obliged to sit down upon the steps of a mosque, and it was some hours before I could recover myself. On another occasion, I was on board a bark, which sailed swiftly with a side wind, in one of the Grecian bays. Another bark approached, sailing as swiftly. As it came near, I perceived upon the deck a form which seemed to realize that of Constance. A man stood beside her, in soldier's uniform, and it was the uniform of Austria. The face, too! it was surely the face of Constance. I stretched out my arms, and cried, "Constance;" but the wind, and the rustling of the sails, drowned my voice. The vessel rushed by, and I was left to conviction and misery. Some months after that circumstance, I found myself at Vienna, and standing one day on the quay, I saw a boat on the eve of departure for Belgrade. A momentary impulse, one of those which belong to destiny, impelled me to go on board, and in a few minutes I was approaching the former dwelling of Constance. About noon of the sixth day, I discovered the heights, whose shapes were, alas, too distinctly engraven on my memory; and towards evening, I saw reposing beneath them that cottage which awakened within me so many mingled recollections of happiness and pain. The association which reminds us of past happiness is more painful than that which recalls subsequent misery; and the appearance of nature reminded me but too forcibly of the first day I had beheld these scenes; for autumn was again yellow on the fields; the river, gentle and transparent, kept its channel; and the evening, soft and serene, was like that on which I had said farewell to Constance. Our boat was floating close to that side of the river where the cottage was situated; and, as it approached, I started to see a female standing in the orchard. She approached the bank. I gazed intently upon her; a fearful agitation seized me, my breath came quick, my eyes were ready to start from their places—it was Constance's form—it was her face. "It is Constance! It is Constance!" I cried, and sprung from the boat, and the next moment I had pressed her in my arms. Tell me, ye who can anatomise the human feelings, what were mine in that moment? Joy had in an instant succeeded to misery. A moment before, and life was worthless; now it was inexpressibly dear. Light had flowed in upon a soul of darkness and despair, like the sun when it bursts from an eclipse upon a drooping world. I told Constance my story: "We have never left the cottage," said she. Have I been under an illusion? thought I—has all my past agony been a dream? At last, the truth dashed upon me. I had mistaken another for the cottage of Constance. Let no man say that all our miseries are our own making: we are the sport of circumstance, and the play-things of destiny. "The inhabitants of that cottage," said Constance, "left it for fear of the floods; it is nearer the river, and lower than ours;" and I soon discovered that the height of the river had been the cause of the deception, by preventing me from discovering the want of features, whose absence would otherwise have led me to detect my error. I told Constance the adventure in the Grecian bay, when I thought I had seen her. "Ah!" said she, "it might be my sister: her husband died, and she sailed from Constantinople with my mother for Smyrna, to take possession of some property." Constance's mother still lived; but her feebleness had much increased; and it seemed as if Constance would soon be released from her filial duties, and her sacred resolutions. She was more beautiful than ever. Her lips were not less rosy, nor her eyes less lustrous; and while she had lost nothing of the charm of youth, something of reflection had mingled with its vivacity, and spread over those graces an interest, which added to

their charm and seduction; and when I again beheld that form, I wondered that another should ever have had power to create an instant's delusion. I live within half a league of Constance, and I see her every day, and every day she becomes more and more dear to me; and if destiny do not step in to destroy my happiness, Constance will be mine. Destiny cannot be moved, else I would say, "Destiny, be kind; suspend, at least, thy mission." But her dark chain is already spun, and it is winding round us all. *Tales of Ardennes.*

TO THE PRIMROSE

BY JOHN HAYNE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF THE "SILLER GUN," &c.

By murm'ring Nith, my native stream,
I've hail'd thee with the morning beam,
Wee'd thee among the Falls of Clyde—
On Leven's banks—on Kelvin-side!
And now, on Hanwell's flow'ry plain,
I welcome thy return again—
At Hanwell, where romantic views,
And sylvan scenes, invite the Muse!
And where, lest erring Man should stray,
Truth's blandest Teacher leads the way?

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of Virtue in the shade,
Rearing thy head to brave the storm
That would thine innocence deform!
Of all the flow'rs that greet the spring—
Of all the flow'rs the seasons bring,
To me, while doom'd to linger here,
The lowly Primrose shall be dear!

Spring, like a Primrose, in the wild,
Short, like the Primrose, Marion smiled;
The Spring, that gave her blossom birth,
Tore them for ever from the earth;
Not left, ah, me! one bud behind
To tranquillize a Parent's mind,
Save that sweet bud which strews the way,
Blest Hope, to an eternal May!

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of virtue in the shade!
Pure as the blossoms on yon thorn,
Spotless as her for whom we mourn!
Of all the flow'rs that greet the spring—
Of all the flow'rs the seasons bring,
To me, while doom'd to linger here,
The lowly Primrose shall be dear!

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Walton.*

A HOME ARGUMENT.

By one decisive argument,
Giles gained his lovely Kate's consent,
To fix the bridal day.
"Why in such haste dear Giles to wed?
I shall not change my mind," she said,
"But then," says Giles, "I may."

LINES WRITTEN IN A BOOK,

Presented by an absent friend.

S——! this book, whene'er I view,
A fond remembrance brings to me
Of all thy worth, thy friendship true,—
The happy hours I've spent with thee,—
And as a parting gift will ever dearest be!

D. J.

FROM MARTIAL.

Mark how the beaux, in fond amaze,
On Julia's wanton ringlets gaze,
Whose glossy meshes seem combin'd
To catch the hearts of all mankind.
Ah, false as fair these glittering snares!
Had Julia no more years than hairs,
No question, were the truth but told,
Julia would be some three years old.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Janet, W. H. B., Clavis, Latin Phrases Explained, A. B. C., The First of April, Cowlian Sais, are intended for our next number.

We have not yet had time to mount *The Hobby-horse.*

As we are anxious that the Mirror should exhibit the progress of improvement, we invite Architects, Surveyors, and Builders, to favour us with plans and descriptions of any new public buildings they may have in hand, or recently have completed. The drawings will be returned if requested.

The following are intended for insertion:—*Trio, Veritas, Moore, Amicus, Charles P—s, A Well-wisher, Laura, Alar Gal, W. A., Jenkins, Miles, Justice, S. H Johannes, H. B., A Walker, W C—r, Heartless, Ledger, E. J. J., King Cole, C— A—r, J. W. E., Crocian, Mr. Baker, A. M. Z., R. C., A. B., J. H. B*—Our correspondents must, however, recollect the old proverb that "Rome was not built in a day," and that the multitude of their favours will necessarily require time to insert all their communications.

The friends of *E. L. B.* may regret that we do not insert *Love Effusions*, but were we to open the door wide to such articles, we could fill a dozen Mirrors a week with them alone.

We shall be happy to receive the promised contributions to our *Topographer.*

X has chosen an unseemly subject.

We thank *Y. Z.* for his sensible observations.

The gentleman who sent us a drawing of the *Maze*, must not be *amazed* at the delay in giving it. It is now in the hands of the engraver.

Valentines are out of season after the 14th of February.

The following are, from various causes, deemed inadmissible:—*E. S. G., C. M., A Justified Sinner, O. L., Simplin and a Carthusian.*

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